

Thelma & Long

1938

CANAL



CURRENTS

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



College of Liberal Arts

Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern climate, social relations, and technical achievement. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

College of Business Administration

Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in ACCOUNTING, BANKING AND FINANCE, or BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. Modern methods of instruction, including lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, professional talks by business executives, and motion pictures of manufacturing processes, are used.

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Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan, which is available to upperclassmen in all courses, provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Under this plan the student is able to earn a portion of his school expenses as well as to make business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

Degrees Awarded

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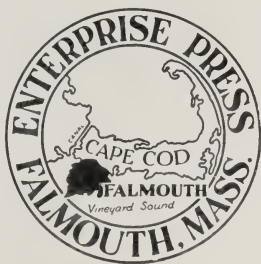
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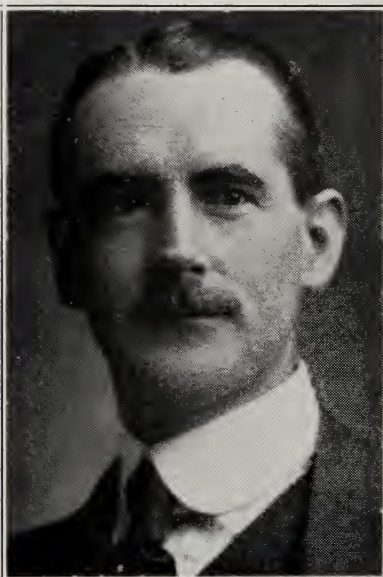
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DEDICATION



To two who have kept us healthy and happy
throughout our school days, who have given us
advice cheerfully when asked, this year book is
respectfully dedicated .

Dr. Ernest F. Curry

and his able assistant

Mrs. Frances H. Stowell



EDITORIALS

DECISIONS

According to Webster, "Decision is the power or habit of promptly and definitely deciding, especially on a course of action."

The need of making a decision comes to each of us many times a day. Sometimes these decisions are small and unimportant; others may be of vital importance.

In the case of grammar school pupils, big decisions are often made for them by parents or teachers. The course of study in school is already planned for them.

In the high school, while a certain part of the course of study is planned for us, the remainder is elective. Here we have to decide, probably for the first time, what will be of the greatest value to each of us. This decision is the first important stepping-stone on our way toward choosing a profession.

In our sports, we are often called upon to make quick and accurate decisions, and upon those decisions often rests the outcome of the games.

Our personal life does not escape this need of making decisions, for upon those we make depends our characters.

Therefore, let us all try to cultivate early in our lives, clear, quick, accurate thinking, as well as the careful weighing of both sides of questions, to aid us in making wise decisions for ourselves.

Bernard Baker, '38,

Editor-in-Chief.

HORACE MANN

**"Be ashamed to die until you have won
some victory for humanity"**

In the wonderful world of ours there are many memorials, statues, monuments, and other various honors, indication of our appreciation and admiration, dedicated to the memory and ever-existing fame of numerous types of heroes and heroines. In my belief, one of the most outstanding, but least remembered, personages in our American history is Horace Mann, educator, patriot and reformer. This year, 1937, we celebrate the centennial of his election to the Massachusetts Board of Education.

Born on May 4, 1796, in the small, picturesque town of Franklin, Massachusetts, Mann spent his boyhood days working on his mother's farm, his father having died when he was but thirteen. After attending the village school for a number of years, Mann, eager for further education, obtained a diploma from Williams Academy and soon entered Brown University, from which he was graduated with highest honors in 1819. From this point on, Mann devoted his entire life toward the betterment of public education. His first major step toward this goal was his election as Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education in 1837, for which position he gave up a lucrative law practice. This was followed by his most important achievement, the establishment of the first Normal School at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, in 1839. After serving a term in Congress, Mann was elected President of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, where he faithfully followed his ideas and ideals until his death in 1859.

Although famed for his accomplishments, Mann is more noted for his high ideas and ideals. Many people believe that the modern world of education is based upon the thoughts and principles of the wonderful man who lived a hundred years ago. Lincoln has been called "The Great Emancipator". Just as truly Horace Mann may be called "The Great Pioneer of American Education".

Walter Young, '37.

MAN'S CONQUEST OF NATURE

In the early beginnings of the world, man was one of the weakest mammals. When animals came his way he had to run for a place of safety. Slowly he became stronger and with the aid of weapons, he faced the beasts from which he

once had fled. From this point on man took large strides in conquering nature until he finally built a permanent home and domesticated the wild animals. At this time he was traveling by means of logs on which he would recline in order to paddle with his hands.

Now man has advanced beyond these early beginnings, for he travels faster and lives more fully than early man could have imagined possible. His boats are large steel ships carrying on trade between countries. He can travel by automobile or airplane, both about the fastest means of transportation known. His home is heated by steam and run by electrical machinery. Maybe he works in one of the modern offices where the telephone and teletype are always at his elbow, while his children attend a modern school with laboratories, gymnasiums and sunny classrooms.

Not only early people, but even learned men of the eighteenth century would be amazed because mankind has finally reached a high level in civilization. As there is no end to the possibilities of man's future conquest of nature, he will continue to make new discoveries and inventions which will enrich and benefit life. Ward Gibbs, '37.

PUTTING UP A BRAVE FRONT

Each year, once every two months, many boys and girls become afflicted with that dread disease known as "the report card presentation scare". Perhaps one of the best ways to overcome this is to put up a brave front.

Here are a few instructions. Upon coming home, do not sneak in at the back door like a whipped dog, but boldly enter at the front, whistling as you go. As soon as you meet your Mother, do not thrust your card at her as if to say, "Well, here it is, I'm ready for the consequences!" Talk of how the next door neighbors' dog ran away, how Sally has a new dress, or even about the weather.

Then at the supper table, when everyone is present and Father won't scold for fear of making a scene, calmly mention that the first of the month has arrived, and, (as if it had just entered your mind) that you received your report card. Then, hand it to him and as he looks it over, calmly begin to eat your supper. At the end of the meal, quietly slide out of the room where there is no chance of being called aside, and, after having it signed by your mother, wait until another first of the month when that same malady will again overtake you, and you will again become the reluctant victim of "the report card presentation scare".

D. Federici, '39.

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

Do you as a student of Bourne High School measure up to the standards that have been set for you? Give yourself ten points for each question to which you can truthfully answer "Yes".

1. Trustworthiness—Do you keep your promises?
2. Self Control—Do you control your tongue and your temper?
3. Loyalty—Are you loyal to your home, your community and B. H. S.?
4. Obedience—Do you obey your father, mother and teachers promptly and cheerfully?
5. Sportsmanship—Can you win without bragging and lose without alibiing?
6. Self Reliance—Do you think for yourself?
7. Courtesy—Are you considerate of others at all times?
8. Health—Do you have the proper amount of sleep, eat the right kind of food and exercise sufficiently in the open air?
9. Teamwork—Do you get along with other people?
10. Dependability—Can people count on you?

"WISHES"

"If wishes were horses,
Beggars might ride".

This saying is an old one which has been passed down from generation to generation to generation. When we come to analyze it, we find out how true it is.

There are many people who make wishes absent-mindedly, seriously, and jestingly. We are not living in the time when fairies are flitting about, just waiting for us to wish, that they may grant it. We are living in an age when, if we are desirous of something, we must go out and work to obtain it in some other way besides just wishing. We may wish for something occasionally; if we get it, it is due mostly to coincidence.

It is not a wise idea to wish, because of the fact that when we do, we do it without thinking and afterwards we are glad that wishes do not come true. Just think! What a position we would be in if everything we wished came true. We might have been happy, or sad, but even then we probably would not have been satisfied.

Let us appreciate what we have and avoid wishing for things which are not possible to obtain without hard work.

Frances Pells, '38.



Upper picture. Back: Mr. W. Stahura, Mrs. S. Moody, Mr. J. F. Peebles (Supt.). Front: Miss A. Tapper, Miss E. Dill, Mr. K. J. Coady (Prin.), Miss R. Marr.

(Miss E. Comtois, and Mr. E. Demers absent when above picture was taken).



Lower left: Miss Hazel Patterson, Home Economics Dept.



CLASS OF 1938

(Left to right) Front Row:—Elizabeth Roza, Nancy Tobey, Henrietta Philbrick, Richard Cristofori (vice-pres.), Cardner Nightingale (pres.), Winifred Lincoln (sec.), Virginia Wing (treas.), Dorothy Ryan, Wilhelmina Coombs, Pearl Coombs. Second row:—June Young, Marlon Avery, Priscilla Davis, Elizabeth Christopulos, Miss Alice Tapper (faculty adviser), Jenny Consoni, Virginia Milliken, Frances Pells. Third row:—Richard Haskell, Natalie Ballou, Elizabeth Palmer, Frances Zeigler, Priscilla Whitman, Robert Harris. Fourth row:—Lloyd Jacobs, Bernard Baker, Elden Cunningham, Phillip Neal. Back row:—Battista Bobba, Louis Pellegrini, Fred Earle.

CLASS OF 1938

AVERY, MARION (Ginger)

Entered Bourne Grammar School; College Course; Hockey (1, 2); Basketball (1, 2, 3); Class Secretary (2); Cape Cod Symphony Chorus (1, 2, 3); "Belle of Barcelona" (2); Junior Prom Committee (3); Science Club (2); Cheerleader (2).

"Her cheerful smile and helpful way
Have helped to brighten many a day."

BAKER, BERNARD (Bernie)

Bourne Grammar School; General Course; Basketball (1); Student Council (2); Magazine Staff (3); Secretary Athletic Association (3).

"Our Editor-in-Chief, short and gay,
Can take a joke in a good-natured way."

BOBBA, BATTISTA (Butt)

Sagamore Grammar School; Commercial Course; Football (1, 2, 3); Baseball (1, 2).

"Butt Bobba with curly blonde hair
Is a 'straight shooter' and always plays fair."

BALLOU, NATALIE (Nat)

Medway High School; Commercial Course; Graduation Chorus (2); "Belle of Barcelona" (2).

"This young lady while driving a car
Is much safer if viewed from afar."

CHRISTOPULOS, ELIZABETH (Bess)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course; Graduation Chorus (1, 2).

"Here's to Bess, who often comes late,
Hope she's on time for that heavy date."

COOMBS, PEARL

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course; Hockey (2); Upper Cape Symphony Chorus (2); Basketball (3).

"Somebody's Secretary Pearl aims to be,
We know she'll do this quite accurately."

COOMBS, WILHELMINA (Billie)

Bourne Grammar School; General Course; Upper Cape Symphony Chorus (2).

"A modest young lady, so quiet and shy,
Although small, she will get by."

CONSONI, JENNY (Jen)

Sagamore Grammar School; College Course; Shawme Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Senior Chorus (2); "Belle of Barcelona" (2); New England Music Festival Orchestra (3).

"Her personality will help her along—
She'll go through life with a smile and a song."

CRISTOFORI, RICHARD (Dickie)

Bourne Grammar School; General Course; Basketball (1, 2, 3); Class Treasurer (2); Class Vice President (3); Magazine Staff (3).

"Dickie Cristofori is our Class Baby,
Liked by the girls, and we don't mean Maybe!"

CUNNINGHAM, ELDEN (Sonny)

Bourne Grammar School; General Course; Baseball (1, 2); Football (2, 3); Basketball (1, 2, 3).

"Elden, the best athlete of all,
Is particularly fast with a basketball."

DAVIS, PRISCILLA (Dangerous)

Sagamore Grammar School; College Course; Basketball (2); Shawme Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Secretary Shawme Orchestra (2); Upper Cape Symphony Orchestra and Chorus (1, 2); Secretary and Treasurer Shawme Orchestra (3); Science Club (2); "Belle of Barcelona" (2); New England Music Festival Chorus (3).

"Charming, sincere, capable, and sweet—
To know her is to love her; to aid her, a treat."

EARLE, FRED (Freddie)

Sagamore Grammar School; Commercial Course; Football (1, 2, 3); Student Council (3); Magazine Staff (3); Junior Prom Committee (3).

"Freddie likes to box and dance
And finds plenty of time for gay romance."

HARRIS, ROBERT (Bob)

Bourne Grammar School; General Course; Football (2, 3); Shawme Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Upper Cape Symphony Orchestra (1, 2, 3); New England Music Festival Orchestra (3).

"Artist, Musician, and Ladies' Beau,
How he does it, we'd like to know."

HASKELL, RICHARD (Honk)

Bourne Grammar School; General Course; Basketball (1, 2); Football (3).

"To do anything, willing and able,
From getting an ad to moving a table."

JACOBS, LLOYD (Jake)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course; Shawme Orchestra (1, 2, 3).

"Lloyd, our class wit, gives odd replies;
When we're with him, Time surely flies."

LINCOLN, WINIFRED (Winnie)

Entered in Sophomore year from Taunton High; General Course; Class Secretary (3).

"Winnie Lincoln, the girl with the curls,
Takes most of the boys from most of the girls."

MILLIKEN, VIRGINIA (Gigi)

Bourne Grammar School; General Course; "Belle of Barcelona" (2); Graduation Chorus (1, 2); Hockey Team (2).

"Virginia, we know, likes to read,
In life, we're sure that she'll succeed."

NEAL, PHILLIP (Phil)

Bourne Grammar School; College Course; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Football (1, 2, 3); Science Club (2).

"Pleasant to know him, Hard-working classmate,
To try any task, he never will hesitate."

NIGHTINGALE, GARDNER (Nightie)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course; Football (1, 2, 3); Basketball (1, 2, 3); Class President (3); Class Vice President (2); Shawme Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Upper Cape Symphony Orchestra and Chorus (1, 2); Graduation Chorus (1, 2); Male Quartette (1, 2, 3); New England Music Festival Chorus (3).

"Class actor, class sheik, and class president,
Happy-go-lucky, sincere, and quite competent."

PALMER, ELIZABETH (Betty)

Sagamore Grammar School; College Course.

"Betty, a very quiet, 'little girl',
A pretty young lass, with strawberry curls."

PELLS, FRANCES (Fran)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course.

"Frances, we hear, likes to hum;
O'er the radio some day her songs may come."

PELLEGRINI, LOUIS (Pepio)

Sagamore Grammar School; Commercial Course; Football (1, 2, 3); Basketball (3).

"A football hero from start to end,
A pal worth having—he's everyone's friend."

PHILBRICK, HENRIETTA (Henri)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course; Class Vice President (1); Basketball (2); Junior Prom Committee (3); Magazine Staff (3).

"Always neat, tidy, and chic,
Is thought by us to be quite slick."

ROZA, ELIZABETH (Betty)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course; Basketball (2); Sophomore Party Committee (2); Magazine Staff (3).

"Elizabeth is our class flirt,
Has lots of experience, but never gets hurt."

RYAN, DOROTHY (Dottie)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course; Hockey (2); "Belle of Barcelona" (2); Cheer Leader (2); Basketball (1, 2); Upper Cape Symphony Chorus (1, 2); Graduation Chorus (1, 2); Science Club (2); Magazine Staff (3).

"Good-natured, merry, diligent is Dot;
Fall down on her job,—well I should say not."

TOBEY, NANCY (Nan)

Bourne Grammar School; College and Commercial Course; "Belle of Barcelona" (2); Upper Cape Symphony Chorus (2).

"Nancy, we hear, is a certain somebody's pride,
And will be, we expect, the class's first bride."

WHITMAN, PRISCILLA (Puss)

Bourne Grammar School; Household Arts, Commercial, and General Course; Upper Cape Symphony Chorus (1, 2); Graduation Chorus (1, 2).

"Slim, pretty, and fond of red,
May there be happiness not far ahead."

WING, VIRGINIA (Betty)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course; Student Council (1); Upper Cape Symphony Chorus (1, 2); Graduation Chorus (1, 2); Class Treasurer (3).

"Here's to an efficient and charming young lass,
Who'll graduate, we expect, at the head of
our class."

YOUNG, JUNE (Juney)

Sagamore Grammar School; Commercial Course;
Sophomore Party Committee (2).

"Here's to the girl, so quiet and nice;

Those copying her will be showered with rice."

ZEIGLER, FRANCES (Fran)

Winthrop Junior High; Commercial Course; Hockey (1,
2); Upper Cape Symphony Chorus (2).

"Her interests are too many to mention,

But roller-skating and dancing oft claim her
attention."



LITERARY

WITCHES

Witches? "Fiddlesticks" is the word that our modern civilization applies to these eerie and mysterious creatures. But,—let us turn back the pages of time to a period known to the historical world as the Elizabethan Age.

When the sun began to sink behind the high Scottish mountains, and the watchful shepherd had called his flocks to their protecting corrals, doors were bolted and all the windows were shut tightly in each peasant's thatched-roof dwelling. Children scampered to their beds and quickly pulled the covers over their heads. Travelers, walking along lonesome and dark roads, cast nervous and cautious glances at every shadow and vague object that appeared before them. Grasping their heavy staffs tighter, they quickened their steps and hurried to their destinations.

The cause of all this commotion? Witches, of course. Hideous creatures appearing in the forms of old women, who were evil and ugly, with a potential hate for all human beings. Capable of any wrongdoing, they were believed to carry off children to their desolate caves, where they first cooked them in huge pots before devouring them with considerable relish. The majority of the population of this age believed in and feared them. — Flashing back to our present skeptical era, where men are men and witches are fables, we hear more "Fiddlesticks", and with a shrug of shoulders the thought is dismissed from our minds.

Still, when the sun has long disappeared on the distant horizon and the moon begins to peep out from behind a dark cloud with a misty, golden glow, I beg of you to heed my advice for "You'd better be good or the witches will get you."

Walter Young, '37.

MY CHANGING LITERARY TASTES

It is a known fact that everybody's literary taste changes from time to time as does their age. You wouldn't expect a man of fifty years to be reading nursery rhymes or simple adventure stories such as those found in boys' magazines, nor would you expect a boy of eleven to be reading Shakespeare or Milton. It stands to reason that a person's literary taste turns toward deeper and more intense volumes which would be of more interest to him as he grows older. To make myself clearer I will illustrate, using myself as an example.

I but faintly remember the days when I had to be read to so I will start at about the age of six when I entered school. At this age animal stories were the best liked simply because they were the books from which we learned to read. These stories gradually faded away and hero stories took their place. Heroes such as Daniel Boone, Buffalo Bill, Abe Lincoln, George Washington and others were held in great esteem in my estimation. These heroes often became a source of inspiration, and will never be forgotten.

The next step up the literary ladder finds me enjoying outdoor and adventure stories such as those found in boys' magazines and series books. These gradually faded away and gave rise to the descriptive novels of Zane Grey and Cooper and a little later the phraseology of "Moby Dick", by Herman Melville, and books by Poe and Dickens, attracted me.

I never did express any love for poetry though I did find romance in Tennyson and some in Milton. I liked especially well Milton's "Il Penseroso".

And now my taste is turning toward books of the sea such as those of Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Perhaps this is just another change in my literary taste which all people go through, but I think it is more likely because of the fact that all my ancestors were sea faring men, for I know a great many people who are not the least bit interested in sea adventures.

Where my literary taste will turn next is a question which I can not answer.

Robert Harris, '38.

ADrift ON THE RIVER

As I neared the water I was struck by the smell and the fog. The former was a combination of the misty, low-lying odor of mud-flats and the sharp acrid smell of decomposing life. The fog rose from the river as if the ghosts of the dead were here on convention, each with its own ever changing shape and size.

Rowing away from the bank, I was soon enveloped in this solid blanket. The only objects to be seen were the muddy water around the boat, and the mist in front of me. The very quietness of the place gave me a sense of impending evil—as if the fog were hiding some noiseless engine of destruction.

As I neared the middle of the river, the sound of life was apparent: cries of boatmen, people giving orders, quarrels, the sound of machinery, all came from nowhere, half-muffled by the mist. As I neared the opposite bank, the sound of rushing water, like the drops of moisture dripping from under leaves, the ghostly death rattle of pebbles along the shore, all filled my soul with a nameless dread of things unseen yet heard and felt.

After I had crossed the foggy inland river, teeming with the commerce of a great nation, I felt, in my imagination, as if I had crossed the river Styx, with the twirling mists, lost souls; the sounds, the pleadings of bodiless people about to enter a world of unreality and brightness; the quietness, the decade of suspense before a soul is judged.

Phillip Neal, '38.

THE DEATH OF PORTIA'S FATHER

"Portia, Portia," the feeble voice raised a bit higher. It came from the next room.

"Yes father, I am coming," announced Portia as she quietly glided into the sick room.

The strained voice continued, "Portia, the time has come when your poor old father must depart. My time is limited. Listen now, for I have something of importance to tell you."

Portia's face turned deathly pale. "Father," she cried running toward him. "It can not be, oh, it can not be. The doctor promised you would get well. You can not leave me."

The old man managed to force a smile for his sorrowful daughter. With an effort he spoke, "Portia, you are a good girl, deserving of the best in life. It would grieve me greatly if I were to die with the thought that you were to marry some money seeking rascal entirely undeserving of you." The sick man paused. He went on with only the will power a dying man can possess. "You will find in the library, three tiny boxes made of gold, silver and lead. The lead one contains your picture. The young man who chooses that casket has in him the goodly powers of manhood and will be a loyal, trustworthy fellow caring not for money, but your pure love. As soon as the young men start coming, as they are soon sure to do, show them the caskets and bid them choose. I am trusting in you, my dear child, to remain silent and not to influence them in any way toward choosing. That is my greatest wish for you. Do promise this. I am sure you will never in any way regret this queer method. It is best for you."

The kindly old fellow lay back exhausted. Portia realized the end had come and solemnly vowed to do as her father wished. She watched with a deadly calmness as her father, with a happy smile, passed into the world beyond. Who, upon seeing that look of utter contentment, could refuse any request? Certainly a loyal person like Portia could not. This her father probably knew. Thus: "It is a wise father that knoweth his own child."

Betsy Jean Small, '40.

FRIENDS

Make new friends, but keep the old,

These are silver; those are gold.

Old friends are always best,

They have stood time and test.

Old friends are the best friends,

They are always true.

Find new friends and help them,

You will like them, too.

New friends are like new wine,

But the old friends are most divine.

Make new friends, but keep the old,

These are silver; those are gold.

H. T. Vancini, '39.

DIARY OF A SAILOR ABOARD THE "SANTA MARIA"

Wednesday, 1492

Today I was standing on deck of the Santa Maria. I was sad and had given up all hopes of living and going back to Spain to see my aged mother. As I looked out at the water, I saw a bird flying over the boat with a twig in its mouth. A gasp escaped from my lips as I clutched at the railing before me. That meant land was near! I looked at the bird once again and hurried to tell Columbus. When I broke the news he shook my hand and I noticed that his eyes were wet with tears. I shall not give up hoping to see my mother again.

Thursday

More signs that we are heading towards land—towards India—and wealth! We sighted branches and grass in the water. The other sailors are half insane with happiness. When I reach India I shall get spices and gold for my mother. Columbus is happy too, but he is the only calm one.

Friday

We saw a red light shining in the direction of our destination. As the light shone brighter, the sailors all knelt to pray,—they were so thankful. As I saw them look towards the flag of our homeland—Spain,—I knew, that they, like me, were thinking of the brave men that had died on the way. But soon they yelled and shouted, for—we had reached land!

Saturday

As we reached the mainland, the natives stood on the shore waiting for us. They did not know how to welcome us at first, but when we gave them trinkets they greeted us with shouts and queer songs.

Genevieve Ansaloni, '39.

BUREAU DRAWERS

Bureau Drawers! What a queer title,—and yet, what a lot can be said about this subject.

Wouldn't it be quite amusing to be a "Bureau Drawer Inspector"? Do they have such things;—I don't know, but perhaps there should be this type of Investigator as well as

all the others. What interesting experiences an Inspector of this type could relate. How interesting his work would be.

There would be the dainty bureau of the teen-age Miss—very attractive outside but apt to be rather topsy-turvy within. How difficult it is to keep the hankies, ribbons, laces, powder boxes and trinkets separate!

There would be the more masculine-type bureau of her older brother with his two or three drawers. Upon investigating one would likely find stockings, jack-knives, booklets, neckties, and perhaps a few letters and a few girls' berets and scarfs. A little more jumbled up than his sister's—but perhaps this is to find a "**hiding place**" for his various "feminine treasures". Do brothers use their bureau drawers for a "treasure chest"? I never could find out!

One might come across a very neatly assorted drawer—rather unusual and quite different from the previous types. Upon investigating—the owner would likely be a very "prim school-marm" or a so-called "maiden-lady". Who else has time to keep their bureaus in order?

Unless someone suggests having a Bureau Drawer Inspector I think that quite a few very interesting stories and experiences are going to be missed. Wouldn't you like the job?

Priscilla Davis, '38.

THE PIRATE

Rodney Thomson's etching of the "Pirate" is that of a kind, happy-go-lucky individual. High above his head in his hand, he holds his gayly plumed hat. On his head, worn under the hat, is a checkered bandanna tied in back. His heavy coal black beard covers most of his scarred face except his forehead, large nose and eyes, one of which is covered with black cloth, the other closed in a vain attempt to wink, are plainly seen. His mouth is barely visible. Under his long coat decorated with buttons, large pockets and sleeve cuffs, is a fairly white shirt with bloused sleeves. From his sash protrudes the butt of a large pistol, in his right hand is a huge straight bladed sword on which he leans. His one good leg, the right, is bowed and garbed with pantaloons reaching below his knee and a light colored stocking continues into his low, heavy leather shoe. On this shoe is a buckle as large as his hand. A peg-leg serves for probably what a cannon ball took away.

Grant Ellis, '37.

FROST MAGIC

She was a very delicate little girl, Mary Sullivan, with long ringlets of jet black hair that formed a soft frame around her pinched face. Her eyes were a clear, soft blue that reminded one of the sky on a sunny morning in May. She had not always been confined to this little cot where she now lay watching eagerly for her mother's return after a long hard day's work in the factory. Oh, no! Mary had at one time been one of the liveliest little girls imaginable.

On Mary's tenth birthday she had been allowed to go down, with her father, to his garage. This was a very special occasion for it did not occur very often. Mary liked to watch the people who stopped their cars for oil, gasoline, water, or to have Daddy repair something for them. It seemed as though something was always going wrong with cars on cold, snowy days like this one. Mary didn't mind the cold for her new snow suit that she had received for Christmas was thick and woolly and kept her snug and warm.

It had been freezing cold in the garage when they had entered. White frost covered every window with beautiful pictures. There were all sorts of animals, birds, trees, people, toys, and fish that one could possibly imagine. Surely this was the most beautiful sight that Mary had ever seen in her short life. She stood spellbound for a moment; then dashed from one to another finding so many things that she recognized that her head whirled and she thought that Jack Frost must be a most wonderful creature!

Much to Mary's disappointment the frost magic soon disappeared after Daddy built a roaring fire in the huge stove in the corner. Her disappointment was short lived, however, for business started early that morning when a big black sedan drove up and "honked" for gasoline and Daddy told her that she might wait on the first customer. Overjoyed, she ran out and started to fill the man's tank.

Then,—without a sound of warning,—came a loud report, as though something had blown up. At the very same moment flames burst through the roof of the garage. Mary had dropped the hose and run madly into the burning building—Daddy was in there! The people in the car tried to stop her but she dodged them. The flames licked around her new snow suit as if it made a delicious breakfast. Her hands and

face felt swollen and her tongue seemed six times its normal size but she had to find Daddy. That was the last thing she knew.

When she regained consciousness she was on her own little cot. She ached all over. It seemed as if something was sticking needles or pins into her. Since then she had lain there in her little cot and watched her friends go by on their way to and from school, had watched the postman as he passed every noontime, had watched, as she was watching now, for her mother to come home every night. She felt no pain now; only a dull sort of numbness.

Mother had never spoken very much about Daddy since the accident and Mary had not broached the subject because, somehow, in her child's mind, she realized that it hurt mother to think of it.

On this special day in December it was very cold and frost covered all but one window pane through which Mary looked every few minutes to see if she could catch a glimpse of mother.

Frost magic brought back sad memories to Mary's mind. Although the accident had happened over three years ago, and children are supposed to forget griefs in a short time, Mary could never see the pictures which Jack Frost had breathed on window panes without thinking of that terrible day when she had last seen her Daddy.

Dorothy Ryan, '38.

ON THE UMBRELLA

I wonder what people did in the days before the umbrella was invented? They probably did what some of the people of today do, turn up their overcoat collars (if they have overcoats) and pull down their hats over their ears, or maybe just brave the weather.

The inventor of the umbrella is probably unknown, but whoever he was, he is a hero in the eyes of the people who cannot go without them on rainy days.

When I was a child I read a story about the first umbrella; it was a story of a field mouse, who on a rainy day, not wanting to wet his clothes, carried a toadstool over his

head. The inventor may have had such an idea when he introduced the umbrella.

The umbrella is a good invention even if all the people of today do not make use of it. Of course, it's better not to carry one, especially if one is in a crowd, or if the wind is blowing.

It seems to me that there are more women than men who carry umbrellas. There may be several reasons for this. The chief one being that men think it is a nuisance, while the women want to protect their hats and therefore do not mind the extra burden.

Whatever the real reason for the invention of the umbrella, it was a good one.

Jenny Consoni, '38.



SCHOOL NEWS



Ho-hum! School started on September 9 at Bourne High School.

We were happy to welcome our teachers, Miss Dill and Miss Tapper, back from their most enjoyable trip abroad.

Things ran along smoothly with nothing exciting until the Christmas party just before the holiday vacation. Instead of the usual exchange of gifts among the pupils, baskets were filled for charity.

We came back from our vacation on the 4th of January, refreshed and all set to start working again.

On February 4 the Seniors presented the play "Through the Keyhole" which was a great success.

The donkey basketball game between the Kiwanis Club and the High School Faculty was very amusing and enjoyed immensely by all who attended. The outcome was a great surprise because neither side had kept score.

March 11, 12, and 13 the New England Music Festival was held in Hyannis. Bourne High was well represented both in the Instrumental and Choral groups.

March 15, Bruce, The Magician, entertained the school with various illustrations and sleight of hand tricks.

March 17, Mr. Stahura took his Science Classes to the flower show. All enjoyed the beautiful display.

March 20, The Older Boys' Conference met in the Auditorium of Bourne High School, bringing together young men from all corners of the Cape. Phillip Neal, a member of the Junior Class was elected vice-president for the coming year.

April 3, The Older Girls' Conference was held at Falmouth. Thirty-five girls represented Bourne High School. Marion Avery, of the Junior Class was chosen next year's vice president.

SCHOOL NOTES (Continued)

Item from a letter sent to Mr. Coady by Northeastern University:—

“We are pleased to inform you that Edward A. Sanford, Jr., who graduated from Bourne High School in 1933 and who is now a junior at Northeastern, recently received the honor of an invitation to the Dean’s List dinner. His name has appeared on the Dean’s List for twelve marking periods.

“His other activities include work for two years on the sports staff of the N. U. ‘News’, this year acting as sports editor and managing editor, junior prom committee, and membership in the Accounting and Law Club and the Sigma Society, the honorary scholastic society of the College of Business Administration. This year he is vice-president of the Sigma Society.”



ALUMNI

BOURNE HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI

1933

Marjorie Adams—Bishop Lee School
Virginia Chase—Bridgewater State
Edward Koskela—Bridgewater State
Rita Lindbergh—St. Luke's Hospital
James Peebles—Bridgewater State
Edward Sanford—Northeastern University
Edward Watt—Glendale Airport, California

1934

Marion S. Brown—Mass. Memorial Hospital
Charles C. Christopulos—Harvard University
Irving Gibbs—Brown University
Taber Perry—Nantucket Nautical Training School
Ugo J. Tassinari—Holy Cross College
Rena VanBuskirk—Mass. Memorial Hospital

1935

Marjorie Barlow—Wilfred Academy
Raymond Chase—Northeastern University
Katherine Ellis—Wilfred Academy
Barbara Harris—Mass. School of Art
Stephen Hayes—Syracuse University
Margaret Matherson—Simmons College
Harry Nightingale—Coast Guard Training School
Eleanor Porter—Mass. School of Art
Henrietta Stockley—J. B. Thomas Hospital
Bernard Swift—Springfield Y. M. C. A. College

1936

Dorothy A. Casagrandi—Fisher Business College
Florence Christopulos—Lasell Junior College
Carlton Handy—Yale University
Jane Palmer—Becker Business College
Jane Raymond—Bridgewater State
Mary Smith—Taunton Hospital
Elizabeth E. VanBuskirk—St. Luke's Hospital

Henrietta Philbrick



ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL

Coach Demers' boys under Captain Philip Sanford played basketball with a very marked improvement this year winning seven of the thirteen games played. Playing a very fast game all season brought a large following from surrounding towns:

January:

- 8—Bourne 26; Wareham 21
- 13—Bourne 27; Dartmouth 26
- 15—Bourne 37 ; Alumni 15
- 22—Bourne 29; Sandwich 23
- 29—Bourne 34; Kingston 16
- 30—Bourne 19; Falmouth 23

February:

- 2—Bourne 10; Middleboro 33
- 9—Bourne 24; Wareham 9
- 12—Bourne 23; Alumni 28
- 17—Bourne 25; Sandwich 31

March:

- 3—Bourne 30; Kingston 17
- 5—Bourne 23; Falmouth 25

Squad

Captain — P. Sanford

C. Hunt	R. Geiger
A. Wagner	J. Alietta
G. Nightingale	J. Aylmer
E. Cunningham	K. Coaſy
R. Cristofori	H. Ceppi
P. Neal	W. Gibbs
C. Christopulos	J. Bourne
M. Harris	R. Lindquist
L. Pellegrini	

Fred Earle, '38.

FOOTBALL

The Canal lads under Coach Demers were hampered by lack of material at the season's opening but played a fighting game all season to win two of the six games played. Two freshmen, Paul Marchesio and Joe Allietta, and Antonio "Butter" Regasio, a sophomore, made the All-Cape Team. Several others who received honorable mention were Louis Pellegrini, "Butt" Bobba, Fred Earle, and Gardner Nightingale.

Schedule

October:

- 3—Bourne 0; Provincetown 12
- 10—Bourne 0; Wareham 12
- 24—Bourne 2; Falmouth 6

November:

- 7—Bourne 1; Yarmouth 0
- 11—Bourne 0; Middleboro 14
- 18—Bourne 13; Case at Swansea 0
- 26—Bourne 6; Wareham 18

Squad

A. Regasio and B. Bobba (Co-Captains)

L. Pellegrini, F. Earle, E. Cunningham, W. Perry, P. Marchesio, N. Metcalf, J. Allietta, C. Milliken, T. Young, J. Aylmer, H. Coppi, A. Handy, B. Stockley, R. Lindquist, L. Hendricks, R. Poland, A. Allen, W. Gibbs, P. Neal, R. Harris, and G. Nightingale.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The Bourne High girls have been stepping right along this year under the management of Miss Hope Swift. Miss Swift was recently graduated from Sargent College with high honors.

There was a showing of about twenty-five girls out for field-hockey. Because of the early cold weather some of the games scheduled were not played. Although the season was not very successful, we hope to have better luck next year.

Around thirty girls went out for basketball this year, determined to make the season a successful one. Games were played with Falmouth, Sandwich, Marion, and Alumni.

Many girls are going out for baseball this year during the season which has just started.

HOCKEY SQUAD

R. W.—

R. Benoit
P. Coombs
J. Cassels

L. W.—

M. Vancini
B. Lewis

R. I.—

B. Berry
A. Corradi
D. Dwyer

L. I.—

E. Reynolds
V. Berry
C. Harding

C. F.—

E. Dill
C. Gallerani

R. F. B.—

D. Hurley
D. Handy
D. Pagliarani

L. F. B.—

M. Perry
C. Eno

R. H. B.—

C. Bianco
P. Sheltman

L. H. B.—

H. Vancini

C. H. B.—

H. Earle

Gcalie—D. Ryan

BASKETBALL SQUAD

First Team—

C.—M. Avery
S. C.—V. Berry
G. C.—B. Macdonald
G. B.—B. Macdonald
L. F.—E. Dill
R. F.—E. Reynolds

Sub.—G. Pippin

Manager—R. Benoit

Second Team—

C. N.—N. Ballou
S. C.—P. Coombs
G.—J. Cassels
G.—H. Earle
L. F.—B. Berry
R. F.—D. Hurley

Asst. Manager—H. Earle

Elizabeth Roza, '38.

WIT



HUMOR

SONG TITLES

Roll 'em Girlie	Frances Zeigler
Little Girl	June Young
Gotta Dance	Elizabeth Roza
My Buddie	Henrietta Philbrick
Double Trouble	Shorthand and Typing
Banjo on My Knee	Robert Harris
Lost in My Dreams	Elizabeth Christopulos
You've Gotta Be A Football Hero	Battista Bobba
Auld Lang Syne	The Alumni
Some Folks Do	Their Homework
One, Two, Three, Four	Learning to Dance
From Coast to Coast	Winifred Lincoln
You Ought to be in Pictures	Gardner Nightingale
That's Where My Money Goes	Candy Sales
Trust in Me (Us)	The Juniors
I'm Sitting On A Hilltop	Priscilla Davis
Who Takes Care of the "Caretaker's" Daughter	Robert Harris
You Do The Darnedest Things	Lloyd Jacobs
When My Dreamboat Comes Home	Virginia Milliken
Goody-Goody	An "A" on a Report Card
I Can't Escape From You	Dickie eluding the girls
Pennies From Heaven	Class Dues
Waltz Me Around Again Willie	At the Prom
In Your Own Quiet Way	Betty Palmer
Congratulations	Nancy Tobey
I'd Rather Lead A Band	Mr. Querze
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes	Mr. Coady
Old Faithful	Mr. Wilson's Little Bus
At Your Command	Miss Swift in 3rd period Gym Class
Boy Meets Girl	Second Floor Corridor
Drums in My Heart	When called to the office

It's Like Reaching for the Moon	Physics Class
You're Laughing at Me	Lloyd Jacobs
Lost	The Freshmen the first day of school
A Melody From the Sky	Shawme Orchestra
Got To Dance My Way To Heaven	Fred Earle
Dream Time	Most of the Study Periods
Long, Long Trail	Bus ride from Bourne to Sagamore
Hours	From 8:15 A. M. 'til 2:00 P. M.
Making Hay While the Sun Shines	The Seniors
The Big Rock Candy Mountain	Candy Table with Marion presiding
Bing! Went the Strings of My Heart	Winnie Lincoln
Hear Dem Bells	At the end of Classes
The End of a Perfect Day	Two o'clock Friday afternoon
You've Got To Smile To Be Happy	Louis Pellegrini
Where There's You There's Me	P. Neal and R. Harris
Tain't Good	To Skip School
You're In My Power	Mr. Coady
You'd Better Watch Out	Frances Zeigler
Sweetheart, Let's Grow Old Together	P. Neal and ??? ??

BONERS

The principal parts of the eye are the mote and the beam.

The hardships of the Puritans were what they came over in.

The American government finally decided to put all the Indians in reservoirs.

In order to keep milk from turning sour, it should be kept in the can.

The single tax is a tax on bachelors.

The moratorium is the largest ocean liner.

An omelet is a charm worn around the neck in India.

Fiction are books which are fixed on the shelves and cannot be removed.

Chicago is almost at the bottom of Lake Michigan.

A Planet is a body of earth entirely surrounded by sky.

A Psychiatrist is a doctor with mental disorders.

A Millennium is an insect with more legs than a centennial.

CLASS STATISTICS

Girl who has done the most for '38	Dorothy Ryan
Boy who has done the most for '38	Bernard Baker
Most dignified girl	Virginia Wing
Most dignified boy	Robert Harris
Most studious girl	Virginia Wing
Most studious boy	Phillip Neal
Most popular girl	Priscilla Davis
Most popular boy	Richard Cristofori
Most attractive girl	Winifred Lincoln
Handsome boy	Gardner Nightingale
Best-natured girl	Jenny Consoni
Best-natured boy	Fred Earle
Best girl athlete	Marion Avery
Best boy athlete	Elden Cunningham
Class actor	Gardner Nightingale
Class actress	Henrietta Philbrick
Class musician	Robert Harris
Class artist	Elizabeth Roza
Class poet	Dorothy Ryan
Class wit	Lloyd Jacobs
Best dancer (boy)	Fred Earle
Best Dancer (Girl)	Henrietta Philbrick
Class baby	Richard Cristofori
Most bashful	June Young
Class flirt	Elizabeth Roza
Class sheik	Gardner Nightingale
Class orator	Phillip Neal
Most courteous boy	Gardner Nightingale
Most courteous girl	Marion Avery
Class Favorites—	
Sport	Basketball
Color	Red
Actress	Martha Raye
Radio Personality	Jack Benny
Song	Boo-Hoo
Orchestra	Guy Lombardo
Actor	Robert Taylor

Frances Pells: "I wish I could be like the river!"

Pearl: "Like the river? In what way?"

Frances: "Stay in my bed, and yet follow my course."

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Natalie Ballou stout?
Battista Bobba not playing football?
Dickie Cristofori not teasing the girls?
Elden Cunningham being quiet in his homeroom?
Fred Earle being serious?
Robert Harris without Philip Neal?
Lloyd Jacobs without a sense of humor?
Winnie Lincoln not flirting?
Betty Palmer not blushing?
Louis Pellegrini without Fred Earle?
Henrietta Philbrick not dancing?
Frances Pells not humming?
Nancy Tobey thinking twice before saying anything?
Priscilla Whitman without a boy-friend?
Betty Wing without her Homework done?

Sailor, struggling in the water: "Help! I can't swim!
Drop me a line!"

Captain, from the deck: "Yes, and you write me
sometime, too."

A Rabbit is a little animal that grows the fur other
animals get credit for when it's made into a lady's coat.

Miss Tapper: "Robert Burns wrote 'To a Field Mouse'.
Dicky: "And did it answer?"

Phillip: "Don't you think my moustache is becoming?"

Robert: "It may be coming, but it hasn't arrived
yet."

Teacher: "Tom, come here and give me what you've
got in your mouth."

Tom: "I wish I could—it's a gumboil."

TAKING AN INVENTORY

We have a Baker but no Cooker.
We have a Pearl but no Diamond.
We have a Jenny but no Socony.
We have an Earle but no Duke.
We have a Marion but no Wareham.
We have a Virginia but no Delaware.
We have a Lincoln but no Ford.
We have a Priscilla but no John Alden.
We have a June Young but no May Old.
We have a Nightingale but no Bluebird.
We have a Henrietta but no Chickenetta.
We have a Neal but no Stand.
We have a Wing but no Feathers.
We have a Whitman but no Whitwoman.

At breakfast one day George required milk.
‘Chase the cow down this way, please,’ he said.
‘Mary,’ said his mother, ‘take the cow down where
the calf is bawling.’

‘It’s scandalous to charge us \$10 for towing the car
only three or four miles,’ protested the motorist’s wife.
‘Never mind, dear,’ replied Hubby, ‘he’s earning it;
I’ve got my brakes on.’

Operator: ‘Hello! This is long distance. I have a call
for you from Miami.’

Ben: ‘Hello! This is Ben. Listen, Jack, I’m stranded
here and need \$100.’

Jack: ‘I can’t hear. Something’s wrong with the
phone.’

Ben: ‘I want \$100.’

Jack: ‘I can’t hear you.’

Operator: ‘I can hear it O. K.’

Jack: ‘Well, then you lend him the \$100.’

Nature Teacher: ‘When do leaves begin to turn?’

Wittie: ‘The day before examinations.’

Jennie C.: "Dickie, can you tell me why there are fewer railroad accidents than automobile accidents?"

Dickie C.: "Sure, the engineer isn't always hugging the fireman."

Pelligrini (In Post Office. Sees sign): "Murderer Wanted."

"Well," he says, scratching his head, "it's better'n nothing, anyhow. I'll go in and ask for the job."

"The Yanks are coming," hummed the dentist, as he prepared to pull a tooth.

Mr. Stahura: "Why are the days long in summer, and short in winter?"

Brilliant Junior: "Because heat expands things, and cold contracts them."

IDEAL U. S. HISTORY EXAM!

1. Who was the inventor of the Marconi wireless?
2. Name the person who led Grant's army in the Civil War.
3. Give two participants in the French and Indian Wars.
4. What was Warren G. Harding's father's last name?
5. During Grant's administration, who was president?

Chinese Patient on telephone: "Doctor. what time you fixee tooth fo' me?"

Doctor: "Two-thirty all right?"

Chinese: "Yes, tooth hurty all right; but wha' time you fixee?"

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Miss Patterson: "What are three foods necessary to keep the body in good health?"

Brilliant Student: "Yer breakfast, yer dinner, and yer supper."

Tourist: "Whaddya got in the shape of automobile tires?"

Salesman: "Funeral wreaths, life preservers, invalid cushions, and doughnuts."

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George E. Cornwell & Sons,

WAREHAM, MASS.

Compliments of

H. S. MILLETT

Mrs. Newed entered the dining room and proudly placed the turkey on the table.

"There you are, dear, my first turkey!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Newed gazed with admiration at the bird.

"Wonderful, darling, how beautifully you have stuffed it!"

Mrs.: "Stuffed it!" she echoed. "But, my dear, this one wasn't hollow!"

"What keeps the moon from falling?"

"Probably the beams."

Compliments of

RALPH L. SMALL

Compliments of

BOURNE HIGH SCHOOL

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It will pay you to ride
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if you do — you'll buy it —
IF

HAT CROSBY ? ?

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and
STERN'S MARKET

ONSET, MASS.
623 and 699 Onset Avenue

Johnny: "May I hold your hand?"

Betty: "It isn't heavy; I can manage it, thank you."

N. Ballou: "What's all the excitement down the street?"

B. Baker: "Oh, a scout did so many good turns he got dizzy."

Robert: "Say don't you have any home work to do?"

Phillip: "Sure, I'm on my way to her home to do it"

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THE CAPE RADIO CO.

E. W. WHEELLOCK, Prop.

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**SHOP AT BAKER'S
5c - \$1.00 Store**

The People's Store of
Buzzards Bay

Sympathy

Owner of Building: "As soon as this house is completed, I expect to get married."

Foreman: "All right, boss, I'll make the job last as long as I can."

Bargain

The decrepit old car drove up to the toll bridge.

"Fifty Cents," cried the gateman.

"Sold," replied B. Baker.

BARR MOTOR SERVICE

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The Members of
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MALCHMAN'S

FALMOUTH, MASS.

Mr.: "Did you have the car out last night?"

Son: "Yes, I took some of the boys out for a little ride."

Mr.: "Well, tell them I've found two of their lip-sticks!"

Miss D.: "In ancient times all the writing was done on stone tablets."

Bobba: "Gee, it must have taken a crowbar to break the news!"

Tell your Dad when he needs a
first class electric job done,
to call

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A FRIEND

Jock: "You still take your morning bath, I suppose?"

Bill: "Never miss it. Sometimes I take it hot, sometimes I take it cold, and when I'm in a hurry I take it for granted."

Traffic Cop: "Use your noodle, lady! Use your noodle!"

Lady: "My goodness! Where is it! I've pushed and pulled everything in the car."

Mary Curry Brooks

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ATTLEBORO MASSACHUSETTS

Leading Manufacturers of

Class Rings, Diplomas, Commencement Announcements,
Cups, Medals, Trophies

Maker of Bourne High School Rings for Classes of
1937-1938

At Dance

You: "My shoes are just killing my feet."

Me: "Mine too!"

Fred: "I'm just crazy when I'm away from you."

Dot: "Yes, I know, 'Out of sight, out of mind'."

He: "I'm thinking of asking some girl to marry me.
What do you think of the idea?"

She: "It's a great idea, if you ask me."

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Mr. R.: "While you stood at the gate bidding my daughter good-night, did it ever dawn upon you . . .

Fred E.: "Certainly not! I never stayed as late as that."

Natalie B.: "Daddy, driving a car for the first time makes one feel that life is really worth living."

Father: "Yes, and judging from the way the pedestrians dodge, they think so too."

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MONUMENT BEACH, MASS.

Teacher: "I want that good-looking boy in the middle to pay attention."

Junior Boy: "Who, me? I'm not in the middle."

Stages in Education

Freshman: "I don't know."

Sophomore: "I don't believe I'm prepared."

Junior: "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I don't remember."

Senior: "I don't believe I can add anything to what has already been said."

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"Did you ever do any public speaking?" asked the sales manager.

"Well," answered the candidate for the job, "I once proposed to a country girl over a party line."

Teacher: "If your mother is shopping and finds she has left her purse at home she may ask the clerk to send the parcel C. O. D. What do these initials mean?"

Bright Boy: "Call On Dad."

The teacher was having her trials, and finally wrote the mother: "Your son is the brightest boy in the class, but he is also the most mischievous. What shall I do?"

The reluctant reply was: "Do as you please. I am having my own troubles at home with his father."

He: "Do you see any change in me?"

She: "No, why?"

He: "I just swallowed a dime."

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John Jones: "My girl dreamt last night that I was a millionaire."

Sam Jones: "You're lucky; my girl dreams that in the daytime."

Frances Z.: "It's awfully late; what'll we say to Mr. Coady?"

Margaret R.: "Oh, we won't say much; just 'Good morning', and he'll say the rest."

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Salesman: "How would you like a 'Woman's Home Companion'?"

Old Maid: "I have been dying for one. Come right in!"

Mr. Coady (in an assembly): "I'm going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read the thirtieth chapter?"

(Everyone raises his hand.)

Mr. Coady: "You're just the group to whom I wish to speak. There is no thirtieth chapter."

H. W. NIGHTINGALE

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SAGAMORE, MASS.

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CARL M. BOLLES

Stahura: "What is the meaning of 'indigestion'?"

Jenny: "A square meal trying to adjust itself in a round stomach!"

The Way It's Done

Freshman: "Please, Mother, may I go if I come in early?"

Sophomore: "Let me go. I'll be in by 11."

Junior: "I'm going."

Senior: "Good night. Leave the door unlocked."

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